

got to be your friend now, baby (i would like to move in just a little bit closer) by stardustupinlights

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Summary:

Percy's writing gig for his take on Greek myths is going pretty well, he'd say. No god has showed up to kill him or torture him or curse him or otherwise harm him yet, so he's counting it as a victory for now.

In Apollo's eyes, though, he should be focusing on the most important aspects of it all: himself, of course. He has just the plan to get a spectacular

chapter about him out of Percy.

Alternatively, Percy Jackson's Greek Gods is very thirsty in regards to Apollo, who was apparently present at the time of writing. This is what went down behind the scenes.

Relationships: Annabeth Chase/Percy Jackson, Apollo/Percy Jackson

Comments: 22

Kudos: 208

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Author's Note:

yeah i just. yeah.

enjoy!

Percy's morning starts pretty regular, pretty normal, even—he gets up, clumsily makes his bed, and spends a few minutes in the bathroom. Then he steps out of his room to have breakfast with mom and Paul before they leave for work; him to Goode and she to a meeting with her publisher about her last draft. After that, he does the dishes, starts another coffee pot, and waits 'til it's ready to sit down in front of mom's writing laptop to continue with his own book.

He still has no fucking idea how he was convinced to do this but he can't deny it's been fun, if nerve-wrecking at the thought that any of the gods he's talking about could show up at his doorstep any second now, decide they don't like what he's doing, and kill him.

Sometimes, Percy wonders if he's prophetic, because when he goes out to the living room to wash his empty coffee mug, he ends up dropping it to the ground at the sight of Apollo chilling on his couch.

"Oh, dear," Apollo says, raising his eyebrows at Percy. "I think you dropped that."

Percy resists the urge to scream. "What—how—*dude what the fuck.*"

"I thought I'd pay you a visit!" Apollo stands, and Percy's eyes run over his body; his bronze skin, the shoulder length blond hair out of a shampoo commercial, those piercing blue eyes and his thighs—uh. "After all, we're such good friends—"

“Why are you wearing a dress,” Percy deadpans, staring at the naked, unblemished skin of Apollo’s shoulder and a portion of his chest, all made up of strong muscles, at the nipple peeking out from his chiton. His eyes inevitably drift back down to his pteruges, and how they’re very, very short, just like the chiton, showing off thigh. “Why. Why are you here at all actually, I have a sword in my pocket and—”

“Glad to know you’re happy to see me!” Apollo cuts in, and then walks right past Percy and into his bedroom. Percy ignored the broken mug on the floor to follow behind him, considering stabbing him in the back, but he figures that would only make Apollo think he’s trying to instigate a friendly wrestling match. “So, Perseus, I’ll be honest with you, this isn’t exactly a pleasure visit, unfortunately—”

“I can’t go on quests right now!” Percy interrupts him, and walks around him to make him stop, setting a hand on his chest as they stand on the doorway to his room. Apollo stares down at his hand with a raised eyebrow, and Percy ignores the heat coming off his chest and seeping into his skin, as well as how his finger are pressing against the bare part of his chest, swallowing. “Dude, I’m busy. Can’t do anything right now. Go to camp and I’m sure you’ll find someone to suck your—”

“Oh, nothing like that, Perseus,” Apollo takes his wrist and pulls him in, leaning in to talk into his ear. “I heard you’re writing a book?”

Oh, fuck no. “That is, uh—”

“When are you doing me?” Apollo asks, and Percy has to shake his head for a second, clear his thoughts, because that sounds all kinds of wrong. “I dressed up for the occasion! This is what I used to wear at the height of Ancient Greek civilization—well, when I wasn’t naked, anyways. I thought it’d be most sensitive for your storytelling—”

“Apollo, what the *hell*,” Percy whines, though he refuses to call it that. “I’m not even done with the chapter before you, man, and if I don’t finish it before starting the next my brain gets very confused. Can’t you just... wait for publication?”

“Nonsense,” Apollo wrinkles his nose, and then starts walking into his room, dragging Percy behind him by the wrist. He goes along because he has a feeling Apollo would just carry him in otherwise. “I’m the muse of all the muses, Perseus Jackson. My blessings are upon you! My presence along should be enough to tip you over, get you all ready to go. Whose chapter are you writing now?”

Percy blinks slowly, choosing to ignore everything that just came out of his mouth except for the question. “Hephaestus—”

“I’ll accept that,” Apollo pushes Percy down on the chair he was using before, and holds his shoulders, leaning in so close while keeping eye contact that Percy feels his breath over his lips and notices the notes of gold in his blue eyes. “How far along are you, sweetheart?”

“What did you just call me—?”

“Focus!” Apollo suddenly straightens up, and turns Percy chair back towards his laptop. Then, he squeezes his shoulders from behind, pressing in with his thumbs in soothing circles that actually make Percy feel a little less tense. Apollo talks in his ear again, his voice low in his throat and curling around Percy’s brain like a charm. “You will finish that chapter, and then you’ll give mine your all. I will tell you everything you need to know. Every detail, from every great deed and tragedy to the person behind them. The construction of Troy and its fall. How I guided the hand that gave Achilles his demise. Everything. It’ll make it very, very easy for you, Perseus.”

Percy swallows, and doesn’t find enough energy in him to be mad about any of that. Instead, he shivers at the brush of Apollo’s breath against his ear and puts his hands back on the keyboard, clearing his throat, feeling like his room is at least twenty-degrees hotter than it was before.

“Uh, sure,” Percy says, licking his lips. Apollo’s thumbs press against a knot in his neck and he jumps, biting down on his lip to keep a pleased groan in. Holy shit. “I, uh, can you open my window? It’s kinda stuffy here.”

“Absolutely,” Apollo answers, and the window opens by itself, which fools Percy’s plan to get his hands off him. “Now, Perseus... write.”

It’s the most nerve-wrecking thing he’s done in his life. He doesn’t know how but he finishes Hephaestus’ chapter, and before he can start, Apollo decides to tell him his story from his own point of view, still rubbing his shoulders, still speaking in that sultry way that keeps sending shivers up and down his spine. At some point, Percy starts typing along to it, letting the situation take control of it all.

“Ah, you’re forgetting my looks, Percy,” Apollo chuckles, a few pages in, and Percy blinks. “I’ll leave this one to you, hm?”

Percy spends twenty minutes agonizing about how to go about it under Apollo’s watchful eyes. He doesn’t know why he decides to signal his bronze skin, or his body shape, or why he equates it to those Baywatch lifeguards that he used to stare at in the TV when her was younger, but he suspects it has something to do with the way Apollo’s hands are pressing on him, not letting him forget who’s helping him through this, who’s being his source, who is making this so easy for him.

“Aw, Percy,” Apollo chuckles into his ear, and Percy takes a deep breath, closing his eyes for a brief second, resisting the urge to lean back into his hands. The heat has expanded down his whole body and it’s concerning, to say the least, especially when he feels Apollo’s lips brush his earlobe and—
gods. Oh, no. “I knew you think I’m pretty.”

Percy’s mouth is dry. “I—I’m just being objective.”

Apollo’s hands slide from his shoulders to his necks, fingers fluttering against his rabbiting heartbeat, before they move down and hang against his chest. Percy bites his lip and curses under his breath, because fuck, fuck, he just felt his dick twitch and this is really, really not ideal.

“Objective?” Apollo hums, like he’s unsure. Then, with a clear note of amusement in his tone: “Whatever makes you sleep better, love.”

Jesus fucking Christ, Percy's harder than he's ever been in his life and Apollo's barely done anything other than rub his shoulders and speak nice. Fuck, he's easy. He's so easy. And he has a feeling Apollo knew this when he came to him but gods he does not care right now, because he feels *amazing*.

He mentions Apollo's, uh, *tendency* to give love to everything he comes across and gets a laugh for that, pressed right up against his neck, and Percy feels like he's dying. They get through the rest of the chapter with no further incident which gives makes Percy feel both relieved and disappointed, a conflicting set of emotions that he did not expect to have enough brainpower to feel today. Or ever, really, at least under these circumstances.

It's over too soon. He stares at the last line, the word count, the page count. He reads it again and again, knowing Apollo is doing so too, and then he sighs. He feels unexpectedly unsatisfied about it, though he probably shouldn't be surprised, considering his boner has not gone down. At all.

"I love your writing style," Apollo says, his voice softer than before, lighter. He runs a hand through Percy's hair and his dick twitches as he resists the urge to throw his head back against his shoulder. "It reflects your internal thoughts so well, Perseus. You have a beautiful mind. People are going to love this."

Percy shivers at the praise. "Uh, thanks, I guess—for the... inspiration?"

"Any time," Apollo chuckles, and then takes his hands away so fast that Percy is left cold, frozen, stranded. "It was a pleasure to see you as always, Percy. If you ever need a favor, don't hesitate to pray. I can be extremely generous when I want to be."

Percy turns his chair around fast, in hopes of seeing what kind of face he's pulling as he makes a promise like that, but he's already gone. Percy stares at the spot where Apollo would be if he wasn't a freaking god that can do what he pleases, not limited to leaving Percy hanging like this.

And then, as reality sinks in, Percy does the only natural thing: he reaches into his pants, wraps a hand around his dick, and jerks himself up to the thought of Apollo doing this to him instead, while Percy leans back against his chest and he tangles his hands in those blond curls of his, exactly the shade and shape he likes, soft and well-cared-for unlike Annabeth's—

Holy shit, Annabeth.

He still cums. It's too late for him not to and he can only groan and whimper as guilt and disbelief washes over him along with his orgasm. It kinda makes it better than he thought it would be, and he decides not to examine that detail about himself as he changes his underwear and his pajamas, and washes his hands.

There's a knock at his door and Percy jumps, but he forces himself to relax. It's Annabeth, just Annabeth, and this suspicion is confirmed when he opens the door to find her standing on the other side, looking up at him with those calculating, narrowed grey eyes he loves.

"Hey," he leans down to kiss her hello, and she reciprocates without the usual enthusiasm. Percy straightens up and shoots her a confused look. "Everything alright?"

"I ran across Apollo when I walked into the lobby," Annabeth says, and Percy freezes. Her eyes narrow even further and she looks him up and down, almost suspicious. "He looked messy. Was he here?"

Percy lies far more easily than he should be able to. "Oh, fuck, no. Thank the gods. Last thing I need right now is gods hanging around my apartment building."

"Hm," Annabeth hums, looking him up and down again. Then, her expression clears, and she shrugs. "Guess we got lucky. Are you done writing that Hephaestus chapter?"

"Yep," Percy nods. "And Apollo's too, actually."

Annabeth raises her eyebrows. "Without my pointers?"

Percy has only been skimming her pointers, and using almost nothing from them, but what Annabeth doesn't know can't hurt her. "Yeah, sorry. Guess I got struck by inspiration. I just used that book you recommended—"

"Oh, well, it's fine, then," Annabeth sighs, shrugging again, and pulls Percy in for a deeper kiss. Her tongue nudges his lips and he opens his mouth, lets her take charge half because he likes it and half because he doesn't know how to not think about how much of a piece of shit he is for what just happened with Apollo. "So, we have times for ourselves now?"

She has that look that Percy's learned to recognize pretty well, and he swallows, nodding, pulling her in. This is probably a good idea; he needs to get his mind off blue eyes and pretty blond curls and strong, muscular arms, a figure taller than his own.

As he leads Annabeth to his room, Percy doesn't notice that the broken coffee mug is now resting on the coffee table, fixed.

And, of course, he can't tell that Apollo is standing in the fire escape outside his window, invisible, holding a notepad and a pen and crossing something off a list. He squints inside, at the unsightly visage of Annabeth and Percy pretending they'll make it a year past college, and shrugs.

His five-to-seven years plan for Conquering Percy Jackson's Ass is going along swimmingly.

Author's Note:

also btw ashilrak and i have a perpollo discord server!

<https://discord.gg/T7gZ39uwJG>

come join the cult :)